

# A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

NEW SERIES, Volume X, Whole No. 235.

698172

NEW YORK: SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1883.

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## At the Theatres.



Strictly Business is a companion-piece to Fresh, the American. Gunter, in writing it, evidently had Raymond in mind as illustrator of the central character, and P. P. Philkins is Ferdinand Fresh accordingly, thrown among somewhat similar people and conducting himself in much the same manner. The author harps upon the old string so industriously thumbed by all American dramatists who endeavor to depict that familiar phase of American character which has been popular since Mark Twain wrote "Innocents Abroad," and Bronson Howard conceived George Washington Phipps. Notwithstanding our national good humor, we are not a people who are fond of seeing our national failings satirized in print and on the stage. This *amour propre* is strongly developed, and we generally follow the injudicious creature who rudely attempts to violate it. We can appreciate the point of such jokes as Gilbert and Sullivan crack at the expense of our English cousins; but we are unable to discover anything funny in similar shafts directed at ourselves. By some strange freak, however, an exception is made in the case of such satires as Fresh and Phipps. The typical American abroad, with his vulgarity, ignorance, cheek and utter disregard for the amenities of polite society, tickles our fancy immensely. His impudence and his democratic contempt of all forms, modes and shows of European aristocracy are relished as the choicest tid-bits. Instead of frowning upon this untrue, vulgar creature as a fraudulent misrepresentation of genuine American character, we laugh at him, applaud him and enjoy his low antics to the utmost. Can it be that Cheek is the quality of which we, as a people, are proudest? Are we desirous of acquiring a reputation for bluster, brass, shameless effrontery and arrogant swagger? Are we anxious to encourage and cultivate, as if it were a national virtue, a fault so objectionable that it fairly stinks in the nostrils of decent people? When we consider the favor with which such creations as Samuel Plaistrick, Phipps, Fresh, Old Rogers and Dick Smythe have met, it would seem that our tendency is certainly in this direction. We are lionizing Cheek.

Viewed from an abstract standpoint, such a play as Strictly Business is decidedly meretricious in the influence it may exert. Looked at simply as a humorous composition, whose purpose is to amuse the masses, it may be pronounced a success. The audience which assembled at Haverly's on Monday evening roared at the farcical adventures of the hero and applauded the few luridly dramatic situations in which he participates with considerable vigor. If such signs as these are any criterion, star and play made an unequivocal hit. The plot of Strictly Business was published in THE MIRROR some time ago, and there is no need for recapitulating it now. Mr. Gunter's melodrama borders on the burlesque and his comedy is essentially farcical. But in the treatment of such a theme as this one these broad tendencies are effective. The author has managed to construct out of light and trite material an entertaining work. Of course, the fun supplied by Philkins is somewhat loud and the sensational elements furnished by Nihilists and Russian police emissaries coarse of texture. But by dint of clever patching and careful blending the improbabilities have been concealed, the incongruities covered over and a tolerably homogeneous affair produced. The character of Philkins—however untrue to nature it may be—is drawn with considerable skill, and plenty of opportunity is afforded its representative for fun-making. The dialogue is pert, if not elegant, and those loving pure, unadulterated slang freely mixed with common-place, will find it to contain an abundance. Many of the speeches are smart and several quite witty. Mr. Gunter may be credited with the rare ability of writing down to the average level of comprehension—there is not a sentence in the piece which would puzzle the brain of the least intelligent gallery boy. The climaxes to the five acts are well arranged, that of the second being especially effective. The last act is tedious and might easily be dispensed with, for the interest of the play ends with the unravelling of complications in Act Four. The condensation would be also advantageous, because, as the piece is now played, it exceeds a comfortable length, dissuading the audience too late in the evening.

As P. P. Philkins, C. B. Bishop is funny. He is a capital comedian of the old-fashioned stamp. He works hard for his laughs, and secures them by assuming facial contortions, grotesque grimaces and earnest enunciation. The methods of most comedians now-a-days is different. They make their points not merely by what they do but what they leave to the imagination of their auditors. To be comical to the fullest extent and to represent nothing is the plan pursued by Mr. Bishop. It is an excellent one; but it is difficult, and this is the reason why many of our younger comedians have renounced it, allowing their admirers to see more fun in their acting than actually exists. Mr. Bishop's characterization evoked applause at brief intervals and kept the audience in a merry humor. They were disposed to be captious at first, but his conscientious efforts overcame this inclination and won the people over before the first act came to an end. A drunken scene in the second act and a realistic representation of seasickness in the third delighted the spectators immensely. The cleverest acting, however, was done by the comedian in the laughable scene in the bureau of Malakoff, head of the Russian police. Although from a critical point of view we are unable to felicitate Mr. Bishop on his choice of a play, we can heartily praise him for the exceedingly happy way in which he impersonates the leading character, and congratulate him on having tickled the popular fancy so admirably as to insure a profitable business in the Metropolis.

The company supporting the star is composed of good, bad and indifferent actors. J. F. Watson created much amusement by his absurdities as the French chef, Achille de Lyonaise. J. V. Melton, in the part of a ridiculous student given to disguises and nihilism, Ivan Isaakoff, was wretched. Winston Murray played the police official, Malakoff, very well, although his voice was foggy and at times inaudible. C. J. Bishop—a chip of the old block—as Digory Diggs, an English steward, did what little he had to do nicely. H. O. Myers, with a make-up significant of the Rogues' Gallery, was another Nihilist as ridiculous and impossible as Mr. Melton.

Among the ladies Emma Pierce shone radiantly. This actress has more ability than she has hitherto been credited with. The Countess Oranoff is a queer party, thrust into the most improbable situations; but by nice judgment and capable handling, Miss Pierce came through it all with flying colors. Josie Loane was also very satisfactory as the Princess Vera. Having much the same difficulties to contend with that beset Miss Pierce, she battled against them successfully, leaving a favorable impression. Mamie Lee as a maid and Mrs. Baker as an English inn-keeper were respectively good.

Strictly Business was set much better than the plays presented at Haverly's are usually, which argues well for the new management. We must not omit a word of praise for the orchestra, which discoursed most excellent music during the evening, and rendered the long waits refreshing oases instead of dismal, unmusical blanks. Mr. Bowron's selections were admirable, presenting variety enough to suit all tastes. He has got his men in good trim, and their precision reflects credit upon their leader.

Unless the clerk of the weather fixes an unfavorable eye upon Haverly's (which is a very warm theatre in Summer), Strictly Business should continue there for a couple of months at least.

The Madison Square continues to exhibit to audiences of an attentive character its play called The Rajah. The exquisite *mise-en-scene*, the pair of pretty girls, and the delightfully cool auditorium are attractions which the stay-at-homes of this city cannot afford to miss. Indeed, an evening at the Madison Square in this sultry weather is far more enjoyable than a day at Coney Island, for there are no crowds, no overcharging for accommodations and no bogus beer. Of Mr. William Young's comedy we entertain the same opinion now that we expressed after its first representation. It is not satisfactory to the critics, but it is entirely so to the ordinary theatre-goer. The critic's view under these circumstances isn't worth a farthing, while the patron's represents an unlimited amount of profits yet to come. If care and artistic treatment can make a mediocre play successful, Mr. Mallory's theatre and company are capable of effecting the magical transformation. If it is only to observe how much can be done with almost nothing to do it with in the dramatic way, The Rajah is well worth seeing. George Clark's admirable acting as the hero improves upon acquaintance, although it was so excellent at the beginning as to leave little to be desired. Professor De Mille—a relative of the entertaining fictionist James of that name—has got a piece ready which the management will put on immediately when The Rajah has ceased to attract a due share of patronage. This is a work of the familiar Madison Square ilk, quiet and moral and—all that. It is likely to make a success, because, we have begun to think, and with reason, no play can fall on the stage of this marvellous little theatre.

Six weeks is something of a run at this season of the year; but that period has nearly been turned by Rice's Surprise Party at the Bijou, and one more week will be tacked on before the engagement ends. Pop has plenty of ginger and go, else it would not have stuck here so long. John A. Mackay is a whole host by himself; Kate Castleton is an improvement on the Dudes' own Lillian Russell; Marie Varnet, added to at this week, sings charmingly; Fortescue, though painful to look at with the thermometer where it now is exploiting, is as good as three ordinary comedians

and several *comptesses* rolled into one. The other members of the troupe are on a par with the principals, and they have all combined to jest, sing and dance their way into the graces of New Yorkers.

A Summer snap with a Winter title put in an appearance at the San Francisco Opera House—where the Hunch of Keys had just finished its run of one hundred nights—on Monday evening. The audience was good-sized; so ample, in fact, as to give reasonable ground for suspecting that a certain proportion of it represented a large quantity of "paper." Two Christmas Eves was the name of the drama, and its author, according to the bills, is Lester Freeman. Who Mr. Freeman may be we do not know. He is unknown to fame, and so far as Two Christmas Eves is concerned, is likely to remain so for an indefinite period. Compared with Messrs. Louis Frechette, Harry Jackson, Jr., and the other people comprising the brilliant galaxy of literary genius which has invaded our unoffending city since the regular season ended and the irregular season began, Mr. Freeman is a dramatist of passable merit. His hash of hackneyed plot and character is absolutely dull and pointless; but all Summer dramas are that way, and viewed by the lurid light of June experiences, Mr. Freeman's is not much worse than the rest. We will not summarize the story of Two Christmas Eves. To do so would be merely to revive recollections of sundry played-out volumes of "French's Standard Drama." There is no need of advertising the publishing house at the corner of Fourteenth street and University Place in this department of THE MIRROR.

The audience patiently sat through the performance out of respect to the star of the evening—the beautiful star—Annie Berlein, who is known well to the habitués of the Comique as the clever exponent of sundry Irish ladies in Ned Harrigan's local comedies. It was commendable of Miss Berlein to cherish noble ambitions. Not content with embodying the unctuous creatures of Mr. Harrigan's imagination, she strove to lift herself a peg or two higher and become Clara Morris' rival. But, alas! this laudable desire was not to be fulfilled. Miss Berlein, while an excellent comedienne of the rough type, has no emotional power whatever. This was demonstrated in Mordcaï Lyons, wherein she and Harrigan both came to grief by experimenting in the direction of serious acting. Every man to his trade—the shoemaker to his last, the actor or actress to his or her line of business. The sphere of pathos and sentiment is beyond the clutch of Miss Berlein. On Monday she showed, as Bessie Woodford, that she understands the requirements of stage work thoroughly; but she failed to awaken one genuinely responsive echo from her audience during the evening. There is something more needed on the boards than a knowledge of theatrical technique. Spontaneity, fire, magnetism—these are essentials to the person who looks forward to success in the path Miss Berlein is trying to grope her way along. Perhaps, in a dashing comedy part, written to display the boisterous, touch-and-go style in which she excels, the lady would be able to fix herself among the numerous constellation of stars. She seems to be in earnest, and if she will persevere in the right direction we believe she would get on.

The company supporting Miss Berlein is not such an one as taxes the critic's judgment much in disposing of it. With one or two exceptions it was evenly inefficient, strongly emphasizing the tedium supplied by the author of the drama they were enacting. If Two Christmas Eves lives to see two moons it will be little short of a miracle.

The Continental Guards of New Orleans, a detached military organization of considerable social distinction, appeared at the Grand Opera House Monday evening in a series of tableaux. The command is composed of wealthy young men of the Crescent City, who are touring the North under the management of Frank Farrell for the purpose of completing the sum necessary to erect a suitable armory. Instead of raising the money in their native city by making appeals of an eleemosynary nature; they have adopted the plan of giving entertainments during the Summer in a number of large Northern cities. This scheme is laudable, and reflects credit upon the gentlemen constituting the organization. It seems as if the stay of the troop in New York was rendered unpleasant by something more than accident. The companies of the Seventy-first Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., detailed to receive the Continentals on their arrival here early in the week, failed to put in an appearance or offer an excuse for their absence, thereby proving themselves N. G. as well as S. N. Y. On Monday evening the assembly at the Opera House was surprisingly slim, scarcely a corporal's guard occupying the parquet when the curtain rose on the first tableau at twenty minutes after eight. The pictures were extremely vivid. That of "The March to Valley Forge" was the most realistic. "Moll Pitcher at Monmouth," "Bunker Hill," and "Washington at Monmouth" were effectively done. The Continentals worked with remarkable precision, and evinced the results of most perfect training. Unlike the majority of amateur entertainers, they executed their duties earnestly and well. We regret—as much for those who missed this treat as those who provided it—that the tableaux failed to draw forth a larger share of patronage.

On Tuesday a change of bill was made, another series of excellent pictures, illustrative of historical episodes in the Revolutionary war, being effected. Five battle scenes were given. The most spirited of these were Trenton and Lexington. To-night the Guards appear at the Academy, in Philadelphia, where, let it be hoped, they will meet with that attention to which, as a body of representative Southern gentlemen, they are assuredly entitled.

Kentuck, brought forth at the Windsor, Monday night, is not, as the name would signify, a dramatization of one of Bret Harte's California sketches, but a drama by the prolific J. J. McCloskey. The scene is laid in Kentucky and the plot hinges on one of the old-fashioned vendettas which are popularly supposed to have raged in that State. Of course, the scions of the conflicting houses centre their affections upon a pretty girl. One of the lovers is a nice young man; the other is a villain of the deepest dye. The nice chap gets the girl and the other gets—left. Scenes of a sensational character follow one another in rapid succession, and sufficient startling stuff is crammed between the first and last acts to make a baker's dozen of V. W. X. Y. Z. Judson's thrilling serials.

Frank Mordaunt made the hit of the evening in a second edition of Major Britt, called Major Poindexter. His well-known fund of comic talent was effectively drawn upon, and the spectators were kept in roars of laughter while he was on the stage. Harry Colton played the nice young man nicely, and Frank Kilday was as villainous as the part of the villain demanded. Miss Pierce and Miss Tiffany filled the two chief female characters satisfactorily. Dora Stuart, who is not a pleasant sight on a warm night, toddled through the rôle of Aunt Betsy very acceptably. The piece will run through the present week. It is not known yet whether it is to be consigned to the road next season. It ought to do well out of town, as it satisfies the hungriest craver for the highly melodramatic. If the piece were better it would serve Mr. Mordaunt well as a star; but he is too good an actor to be wasted in it.

## The Musical Mirror.

The Queen's Lace Handkerchief is doing so well at the Casino that the management intends to let Prince Methusalem lie quietly on the shelf till decreasing audiences shall call for a change of bill. Meanwhile he will be taken down each day and aired at a rehearsal for the benefit of his serene constitution. Miss Cottrelly has made herself a very great favorite in McCaull's Opera company, and, indeed, she is a personable woman with a good deal of talent, magnificent diamonds and some voice—not very much of the latter, it is true; but what she has is melodious. The *ensemble* of McCaull's companies are always good, wherein the gallant Colonel shows his good sense, for, as no single star, however brilliant, can light up a firmament, so no one performer, however great, can dispel the gloom of a crowd of incapables. The chorus alone, with the bright, fresh voices appertaining, is worth all the money one pays for a ticket. The theatre, too, is a vast improvement upon the little bureau-drawer in which McCaull's company used to disport themselves, cleft the Bijou. Now that the glaring colors and metallic sheen of the painting and gilding of the Casino have begun to be mellowed by the artist Time, and that the stage effects and dresses are no longer outshone by the gaudery of the auditorium, we cannot imagine a pleasanter or more tasteful theatre for light opera than the Casino. And when the Moorish gardens shall be in full bloom on the top of the building, like the hanging gardens of Babylon, the place will be a dream of delight and a palace of pleasure.

The concert given at the Casino on Sunday night contained many points of interest, among which we may mention the very charming singing of Emma Juch as the most worthy of remark. Miss Juch has not a great voice, but she has a very charming one, and her school and style of expression are of the best. Mme. de Ravasz is a *bravante* pianiste, and pleases her public mightily, although, sooth to say, she not always pleases us. Mr. Stoddard's singing is noticeable for its peculiarly clear enunciation—a rare and valuable quality in these shouting and mousing days. Hatlie Lewis sang nicely, but was over-weighted. The orchestra was very good, and the "Pizzicato" from the ballet of Sylvia, by Delibes, has established itself as a standard favorite. The hymn to Saint Cecilia was better done last week at the Temple Emanuel-El than at the Casino, and it is a stupid piece, however done. The Zampa overture was fairly played, and the dance music went very smoothly. Gungli's old-time "Sounds from Home," for stringed instruments only, brought remembrances of Castle Garden long ago to our mind, and Suppe's "Journey in Africa" (*Afrika-reise*) was as dry and uninteresting as the Desert of Sahara.

What excellent work has Mr. Henry Widmer done during the season at the Star Theatre! Even Dion himself—one of the most difficult men to please in the rendering of that quaint and eerie music—so musical, so melancholy—that accompanies with its murmurous wail the pathetic parts of such idylls as the Colleen Bawn, or that brightens with its gleeful such drolleries as the Shaghaun, has put on record his utter approval of Mr. Widmer's leading. Nevertheless, half the battle is in the personnel of the army. Even Grant could not

fight without soldiers, and Widmer takes care that his band shall be all of the first quality. No second-rate men for him; and if he does pay higher salaries than some other leaders, he gives better music. At the Star Theatre one's ears were never offended between the acts by blatant dissonance of brass or cat-call squeaking of wood, but all was harmony and contentment. There is no greater mistake in management than to save fifty dollars a week by driving a hundred out of the house through bad music. Either have a good band that will please and attract, or do away with it altogether.

We have received some very beautiful music for review, composed by Mr. A. J. Davis; but it came, unfortunately, too late for notice this week, as we, from a cursory glance, perceive too much good material to be cut into without care and discretion. Therefore we will take a week to anatomize it and give the result in our next issue.

Another, and a very clever writer, has taken in hand the out-of-door music as laid on by contract, like the Croton, in our public parks. We doubt not that, from the point of view that this gentleman takes, which may, very likely, be the point of view taken by the public also, the music may be very good and answer its purpose; but as that point of view is not ours, and as we are possessed of technical knowledge of the subject, "which they upon the other party want," we beg to state that the subject of *ad fresco* music has been hitherto untouched by us, and that the gilt and tasselled military minstrels, who in Central Park "do fright the Isle from its propriety," have not as yet been reviewed in the Musical Mirror.

## Trebizonde's Rival.

Haverly's Mastodons intend opening their season in New York with a decidedly new feature. The second part of their programme will consist of a black comic opera in two acts, entitled The Princess of Madagascar—not a burlesque afterpiece, as is common with minstrel companies, but an opera presented with a completeness and gorgeous outlay that will rival the spectacular productions. The originator, Joseph Gulick, assisted by the Gorman Brothers, will arrive in the city shortly and begin preparations immediately. Mr. Gulick, with the special draughtsman of the company, was recently at Boston, where several days were spent among the libraries and all the necessary costumes and accessories were sketched with a view to reproduction.

The scene of the opera is the island of Madagascar, and as the entire company—fifty-five strong—will take part, and everything be done in black, a great deal of fun is assured. The hand of the Princess (the female impersonator) is sought in marriage by all the black dukes of the island; but it is only to be won by the correct answering of three questions which the Princess may propose. The opening scene discloses the court of the Princess, with regal attendance. Overhead hang rows of heads of the unfortunates unsuccessful in furnishing the right answers to the questions. The heads will represent those of Roscoe Conkling, General Grant, Ben Butler and other prominent personages. Three wise men appear in the first part to determine whether the questions are rightly answered, and also a giant with a very large head, to contribute to the fun. The wise men are dressed with the regulation Madagascar white cloths around the loins, and have their white wool arranged in three pyramids on their heads, as is the fashion of the island. The round wooden pins or sticks running through the wool are taken out in one scene and a tune rattled off upon them. The wise men carry books three by four feet in size. A neighboring Prince arrives to guess his fate; but before the contest begins the curtain drops on a scene of rejoicing.

The second act opens a novel scene. Twenty mud huts are scattered over the stage in a forest of trees, and out of each peeps a darkey's head. With a rush of music they scramble out and up in the trees like so many monkeys; then, hearing a sudden noise, every one drops out of the trees flat upon the stage and pops into his hut again. They come out once more with wooden drums and other characteristic musical instruments, and a wonderful song-and-dance is participated in.

The last scene shows the Prince at the court ready to answer the questions of the Princess. As in fairy stories, he does answer correctly; the wise men consult their big books as they stand in front of them, and are so amazed at the success of the Prince that they turn hand-springs over the books and back again to slow music, and then repeat three times "It is right!" The giant opens his enormous mouth, runs out a long red tongue and repeats "It is right!" after each answer, and the act closes with a regular transformation scene in gilt and silver with colored lights.

The mud huts, by the way, are suddenly opened up and changed into gold, silver and bronze idols of various carvings, and aid in the decoration of the court of the Princess. The whole thing is unique and will reflect great credit upon Mr. Gulick and the Messrs. Gorman. Appropriate music has already been arranged by A. C. Comstock, Jr., who furnishes most of the Mastodon's music.

James Collins, for several years past manager of Heck's Opera House in Cincinnati, has resigned, and will probably assume charge of the People's Theatre in St. Louis.

## The Giddy Gusher



ON SLEEP AND DREAMS AND FURNITURE.

"That's a beautiful Bible passage," said old Mrs. Croft to me—"that about 'sleep that binds the ravelled sleeve with care.' It just binds and toes me when I'm clean frayed out."

"He giveth his beloved sleep," moaned poor Helen Barry. "It is no boon to me; it is a torture, for sleep obliterates all my suffering, and with the waking I must relieve every temporarily forgotten pang."

"I wish I could go to sleep till Christmas and make it come quicker, things stay away so long when it's daytime," said sweet little Pinky Fay.

"And oh," said the Gusher to John Stetson, "do put air-pillows and head-rests into a few seats while you are making alterations in the Fifth Avenue; give me a rest and a place to sleep nicely in a theatre and I'm happy. I've been at it since the palmy days of the Bowery."

I'm old Freigh's ghost. During Hamblin's administration one of the theatre watchmen got a notion of sleeping in one of the third tier boxes. He run in a little cot bed, and there he was, snug and comfortable; but one night he got too much Hester street whiskey on board, and instead of laying down in his cot bed he just tumbled out over the rail and came whizzing down to the footlights. They found him impaled and quite dead the next morning on one of the ornamental spikes that finished the stage each side. After this, with astonishing regularity, for many years, the watchman's ghost was seen.

Dear old George Fox, of pleasant memory, was doing his first edition of pantomime, and I went to see it with a party of friends for the fifth time. During the evening they withdrew, and I went to the back of the box for a quiet sleep. Every one on the stage supposed I had gone with the rest. The curtain fell; the lights were put out; the audience dispersed; the company dressed and went home, and still the Gusher slept. About three o'clock I awoke, and where on earth or off it I was, was beyond my ability to tell. I prowled about my narrow quarters and felt of the windowless walls that enclosed me in their sides. A damp, mouldy smell pervaded the place, a stifling feeling oppressed my lungs. "Now," said I, "can I have chipped in at the game of life and been planted without knowing it?" All at once I struck the window; the lace curtains and the velvet rail reassured me. I peered into the darkness. All of a sudden a glimmer of light from the front shone on the midnight blackness of the place. I let out a beautiful cry of distress; the third and fourth tiers took it up; the flies sent it to the paint frame; the pit caught it on the bounce, and a dozen nooks and crannies of the old theatre chorused my effort.

It was the style in those days to wear white fur cloaks. I was a perfect pioneer of style. Arrayed in a white fur cloak, I stood in the proscenium-box and watched the effect of my howls. The baize centre-doors swung back, and, holding aloft a bull's-eye lantern, there stood Freigh. He threw a line of light hastily up and down, and then, as it fell on my admirable proportions, he just cast his lantern down, uttered a brief curse-word and fled.

Then I was mad and lifted my voice in good earnest. Such a pow-wow as I made sounded like Proctor in the Jibbenoisais and Jim Webb as Macduff rolled into an elocutionary whole. Dear old Joe Dowling was a police captain then or a newly-made justice—I forget which. Anyway, he was on the street when Freigh piled out asserting the carpenter's ghost was pulling up the benches inside. George Worden, Joe Dowling and Dan Kerrigan came to the rescue. They got a gas-lighter, two candles and a kerosene lamp. Timidly the big doors swung back, and the brave party, headed by Freigh, advanced two or three steps inside. The gas-lighter I took for a rifle, and cried out to them not to shoot, so that we scared each other pretty equally. At all events, I was escorted home, and received my thirty-second lecture on sleeping in theatres.

But it's a great blessing, and next to a corner in a fat red maroon cushioned pew in church, an orchestra seat in a theatre is the best place for dreaming. Why, 'twas in an orchestra chair that I went on a grand tour as manager of a syndicate as was a syndicate. I did Anthony and Cleopatra with Susan B. in the title role; I did My Wife's Baby with John Raymond; I put on Glin Gath with George

Alfred Townsend, and Baby Osborne did a piece called Gilded Youth; I did the Ladies' Battle with Helen Edwards and Mrs. Smith; I did Pastoral Destiny, with Dr. Colton as leading man; I did The Two Gentlemen of Verona with John Stetson and Ben Gregory; I sent Dr. Malloy on between Wild Oats and A Green Old Age to read a Tribune criticism of The Rajah, and called his performance on the bills The Winter's Tale; I did The Return Ticket with Lillian Russell; I did "two flats and a sharp" with McConnell, Haverly and Sam Colville; I did the Two Off 'Uns with Townsend Percy and Kate Lynn; I did Old Heads with Jim Collier. I went for the new pieces and produced The Ace of Clubs with Captain Williams and The Ace of Spades with Mike Murray, Rank and Riches with Lord Mandeville and Jay Gould, and a splendid pantomime (original), entitled Down in the Mouth; or, The Adventures of Jonah in the Whale's Society.

Ah! then I had a clown—Talmage—and what a daisy clown he made! In my delight at his success I got thoroughly waked up—and then I went on thinking of Talmage after my dream was over, and a report I had read of his farewell sermon last week, in which he entrusted his Christian hearers not to treat God flippantly. Now, that was a cheerful request from the Boss Flipper. I would like to call Tally's attention to the flippancy of the only two sermons I ever heard him preach. He opened the first occasion by assuring us that God was in our midst—that Christ was on hand. "He is here," screamed Talmage; "He is entering now." He pranced down the platform with extended arms; he met an air-drawn Saviour, shook his invisible hand, escorted him to a big arm-chair, and saying "Sit down, Christ," waved his big claw at the empty piece of furniture and triumphantly exclaimed: "There sits Christ!" Now, if you can flip us anything more flippant than that, let's hear it. On the second occasion my dream-clown executed a sword dance about his stage, showing how people dodged the Word of God. "Why," said he, "some persons hearing the voice of the Redeemer, beat it off. They treat the Saviour like a dog. They say, 'Get out, Christ!'" And Talmage stamped and kicked as if a snarling cur was barking at his heels. I tell you when things are straightened out and the world strikes its proper groove, my dream will be fulfilled and my syndicate will boast the greatest clown on earth—Talmage of the Tabernacle, the champion flipper of flippancy.

I've been looking at the renovated and restored St. James under the administration of William Conner. Conner has been put through a terrific course of Spring purification. Just as I used to rebel at sulphur and molasses along about the first of every May some years ago, so William thought it was hard lines when the malignant Plunger pulled the house to pieces and sold at ruinous prices furniture Conner expected to take at a fair valuation. But if I made a better May Queen for ma's sulphur and molasses and didn't require her services to "wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear," so is William very much benefited by the uses of adversity and his Spring medicine. He has got everything brand new, and however lovely our old home furniture is, in a hotel the newer a bedstead is the better we like it.

The first floors of his establishment are furnished in mahogany, the next in cherry, and the upper ones in walnut. Near the rooms occupied by himself is the suite designed for McCullough; and Conner, in truly loving spirit, is ransacking the town to find articles to beautify and make comfortable the future home of his friend and everybody's friend, John McCullough.

The rattle of a dozen old coal-scuttles having a free fight came from a remote room, where a score of bell-boys spent leisure moments polishing up steel armor. Conner is getting quite medieval in his tastes, and talked to me like a book on archaeology about the decorations of John's library. The famous tragedian has quite a collection of trophies, medals, crowns and such like, presented on such occasions as the great Booth Theatre benefit and the grateful ebullition provoked by John's goodness to the yellow fever sufferers in Memphis. These, enclosed in cases or mounted on brackets, will lighten the sombre effect of about a hundred different copies of Shakespeare. Like Forrest, John has a fad for collecting various editions of the dramatic god.

A most remarkable room is constructed for the proper disposition of McCullough's wardrobe; and after the tragedian gets used to it he can walk in at any time of night and select his nightgown from the robes of Lear or pick out his checked street breeches from the tights of Virginius without making a mistake. At present Othello's old headpiece hobnobs with McCullough's seal-skin travelling cap, and John's Broadway boots are kicking the shins of Jack Cade's leather leggings.

After Conner's troubles with Walton had succumbed, it seems as if the new landlord's biggest job was straightening out John McCullough's belongings. There's as much difference in men's baggage as in the men themselves.

Larry Barrett has every collar of his property labeled, tied up with a string, and marked which day he shall wear it.

Joe Jefferson has little chests of cambric, sewed in little cotton bags, hung round in rows—shelves and tacked in rows—pockets.

Salvini has a leather concert for every article from a pipe and a hat up to separate valises for each pair of pantaloons.

John McCullough places everything all together in one inextricable mass. His man Bob, who has the bump of order as big as a hen's egg, can't effect much with such a mummy; but just now there's greater danger of John's wardrobe being reconstructed than ever it was in before.

At all events that gorgeous fellow is going to have a delightful home at the St. James, and Conner's efforts will make that hotel the favorite stopping-place for the most prominent people in the profession. Mary Anderson will make it her headquarters on her return. Joe Emmet stops there. Mrs. McVicker is staying there, and without a doubt Irving, on McCullough's account, will live there while in New York. (Abbey and Dam are partners; but neither Patti nor Nilsson nor Langtry ever lived at the Hotel Dam.) When the Gusher gets her syndicate into operation she will take the whole second floor of the St. James for the sake of camping with those dear boys, John McCullough and Billy Conner.

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

## A Chat with Mr. Lingard.

An hour's interesting chat was had with William Horace Lingard at his residence by a MIRROR reporter Monday evening, and a fund of matter relating to London affairs was obtained.

Mr. Lingard's arm, injured by a London cab previous to his departure from England, can be removed from its supporting sling at times, and he expects to recover its use in a week or more. "We left on the Queen's Birthday, May 24, and when a thousand miles out a shaft broke, and it was thought best to put back, as a terrific sea was on; so we reached London again on Sunday afternoon, the 27th. I'd received a telegram aboard ship at leaving, from my wife, saying, 'Good-bye; take good care of yourself and have a good time.' Then I went back to London, broke an arm, and am now trying my best to have the good time here. I've just received a letter, dated June 13, from Mrs. Lingard, enclosing a clipping telling of the dire failure of Wilkie Collins' Rank and Riches. It was probably the worst failure that ever occurred. The audience on the opening night was a fine one, containing many literary celebrities; yet the play was strongly denounced by all. One of the leading actors came to the footlights and tried to defend it, exclaiming: 'Have you no respect for so well-known an author?' when cries of 'Not any!' 'It's very bad;' 'Take it off, shut him up effectually. I don't suppose it ran out the week, and think Camille has been revived until a new piece by Florence Marryat, now in rehearsal, can be done. I heard a reading of it before leaving, and am sure it will prove a great success."

"What is the name of the play?" "It had not been christened yet; but it's too bad about the Collins failure, as Mrs. Lingard just missed securing that pretty and immediate success, entitled Broken to Harness, which was brought out at the Brighton 16th. It was offered to her; but she preferred Rank and Riches. Had that proved a success, Daniel Frohman was ready to fit out a Madison Square company with it. Now he may get Broken to Harness, as he is entertaining such an idea. It is one of the neatest, prettiest little plays I ever saw."

"Who do you consider the leading manager in London?" "Edgar Bruce at present. Mr. Bruce was my leading man twelve years ago when we played Life's Dream at the old Broadway Theatre. Edgar Bruce made £1,400 in a short run of The Colonel at the little Princess of Wales Theatre in Tottenham Court Road. It was an enormous hit. Then the inspecting commissioners condemned the house as unsafe and he was kicked out and it closed up. It was leased for the season by Bancroft, who paid £900 a month for it, and he in turn rents to Bruce for £2,000. Now that the house is closed Bancroft will not release Bruce and is actually taking £1,100 monthly out of Bruce's pocket, for which he receives no return."

"Bruce, to save himself, rented the Imperial; but that failed, and he in turn rented it to a Mr. Duval. He has now rented the Adelphi until his new house is built. The new theatre which he is building at the top of Haymarket and Long Acre will be called Bruce's New Prince of Wales Theatre, and will be a splendid house. It is to be opened on Boxing night with Divorçons."

"What do you think of the current London successes?"

"Well, sir, I went to twenty-three performances while in London, and what pleased me most was the opera, Rip Van Winkle, at Henderson's Comedy Theatre, which is a very fine house. The opera contains most lovely music, and Fred Leslie is grand in the title role, while Lal Brough makes the most comical Dutchman you could imagine."

"How do English prices now compare with American?"

"They are higher. Why, you can't get any kind of a place for less than one dollar and fifty cents, while for that sum here I guess you can get in the best theatres. At Henderson's, the night we went to see Rip, we tried to count the house, and in the stalls alone, at a half guinea

each, were two persons. That's 5000 alone. There is a charming success at Kate Lester's Repertory Theatre—The Merry Dwarves. Joseph Brooks was lucky to stop in and secure it for this country; but there is another which has made a great hit, and which American managers would do well to get hold of, and that is Extravale, by Liscomb and Seattle, at the Fells Dramaticus. To tell the truth, Prince Mathusalem was a failure there, the house being closed; but Extravale is now running with immense success. The Surrey and Avenue theatres are pretty, and the Galaxy is filled with a gorgeous baroque of Blue-Beard. If you get that company over here you will witness something very fine."

"It is reported that John Stetson is to bring it over."

"Very true. While there I saw a cablegram from Mr. Stetson to William Holland asking if he could have the entire Galaxy company for four months, and on what terms. The answer, '£1,000 a week,' was returned, and as that will insure the large company, costumes and everything complete, it is quite likely they will come, although so many dates are filled it may be six or eight months before they will be at liberty."

"What are your plans?"

"I shall remain here a month, or possibly two; then return to London, where I shall do very little until December, when I may take Divorçons into the provinces. While in London the new Alhambra was offered me, but I couldn't use it, as it is too large. I've been offered a position to travel with a Madison Square company here; but since that accident happening to us while en route from Toledo to Clyde last season, we don't wish any more travelling. Why, Miss Ashby, who has been confined to her bed since the accident, only recovered sufficiently to get out a month or so ago. Probably I shall be away a year."

"And Mrs. Lingard?"

"Perhaps two. But when we do return, it will be to enter the Madison Square forces."

## Mr. Campbell's Foreign Trip.

Bartley Campbell reached New York bright and early Monday morning on the Arizona. On his way from the ship to his hotel he stopped at THE MIRROR office for his letters, and was immediately button-holed by an interviewer, who had an interesting chat with him.

"You are back sooner than was expected," remarked the reporter.

"Yes," replied the dramatist; "I took a notion to leave London one day before the Arizona sailed from Liverpool, and am here consequently a week or so earlier than my plans originally called for. I shall return to Germany next month. My passage is engaged for the Alaska, leaving July 24."

"Are you so well impressed with the Germans that you absent yourself from the States with such frequency?"

"Well, no. I'm not fascinated with any country but my own. My going abroad again is purely a matter of business. I find it, singularly enough, beneficial to my home interests to secure prestige in a foreign land. Perhaps Lester Wallace will make a bid for some of my plays after they have won a reputation abroad. He certainly would not consider them first-hand. The chief purpose of my next trip is to superintend the production of a couple of plays in Berlin. I shall settle all my American business and leave it in smooth shape before my departure."

"According to the Berlin papers, your recent reception in that city was most cordial," said the reporter.

"Surprisingly so," responded Mr. Campbell. "My agent and translator, who resides there, had skillfully arranged matters for my coming. At the principal hotel he had engaged on the first floor magnificent apartments just vacated by his august Majesty, King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands. The neighboring suites were occupied by princes, ambassadors and other lofty functionaries who were en route for the coronation of the Russian Czar at St. Petersburg. This aristocratic location didn't matter a straw to me; but my translator said it was a neat stroke of policy. Sure enough, next morning the papers blazoned my arrival, and dwelt with great particularity on the fact that the American dramatist was stopping in the chambers still redolent of Sandwichian royalty. Before I breakfasted three letters had been received making as many direct offers to produce my plays. One of these was from the manager of the Residenz, and as that was where The Galley Slave attained a run of eighty-three nights, I gave it preference. Before noon the contract was signed, sealed and delivered."

"Were you sufficiently familiar with the language to attend to the details?"

"No; I don't understand a word of it. My translator acted as interpreter, and I left most of it to him. It was quite appalling to observe what took place during the discussion of the contract between him and the manager. They shouted, gesticulated fiercely, tramped up and down the room, jabbered incessantly, grew purple in the face, and kicked up an almighty row generally. Not understanding the conversation I was somewhat alarmed for my personal safety, as well as grieved that my play should be the cause of so much bad feeling. Calling my translator aside, I said: 'Look here. There's no occasion for all this fighting. Tell the manager I'm perfectly independent about my piece. I can get it done without any trouble at two other theatres in Berlin.' He laughed heartily, and said: 'My dear old friend, dinga is.' 'I on positively. Ve arendt viting—we're amply talking over der question of scenery.' That explained the

matter satisfactorily. The German, however, in matters of business, is very exact, and their actions would look suspicious to suppose they were engaged in a business transaction."

"Did you visit other places besides Germany and England?"

"I had only two months' time, including my passage over and back; but I managed to travel through Holland, visiting Amsterdam, Rotterdam and the various other dams, supplying a considerable quantity on my own account. The eternal, universal, laborious, tedious, demanding fare for every comfortable and conceivable, real and imagined service rendered has grown to terrible proportions, and this blanch alone is sufficient to destroy the pleasure which might otherwise be derived from travelling on the Continent. I was charmed with Holland. The people of that country are much maligned. I had charged them described as 'the dirty Dutch.' For scrupulous cleanliness in all things they are far ahead of any other nation in the world. If you gave your walk in your room at a hotel a maid will instantly come in and sweep it out. If you cough they change the bed linen and towels for fear they are infected with mysterious germ of disease. They're the cleanest people on earth. The gardens in Amsterdam are like a Central Park crowded with pretty girls in high-heeled shoes, gay garments and the latest Parisian fashions in dress and jewelry. The men are equally well clad."

"Did you visit Paris?"

"Yes; and I looked in at several of the theatres, both there and in London. I saw Fedora. It's a great play. Sardou is undoubtedly the greatest living dramatic author. After witnessing Fedora I felt like taking off my hat and saying: 'Your supremacy cannot be questioned. Go to the head. My place is at the foot of the class.' I also went to see The Paris de Paris, which Joe Brooks has brought. It's a melodrama, and has the old-fashioned construction, copied exactly from Under the Gaslight. I did not care to see The Age of Chivalry. It is described as a cheap and cheap-looking affair, and is a failure over there. At the same time the hodge-podge called Escobar, which I went to see with Frank Weston and Edith Weston. The spectacle and ballet are inferior to those of the old Black Cypriote. The entertainment is novel because not a word is spoken throughout. The first part is a pantomime—the rest is a sort of allegory. Robert Faxon is brought in, dressed like one of the old Kalkuthians. This anachronism, however, is so nothing compared with the absurd representation of American scenery exhibited in the place. A view of what purports to be the Hudson River and Highlands is ludicrous. The mountains look as if it were about two feet wide, and the hills are dotted with Swiss cottages and people with peasants dressed like those found in the Tyrol. A scene of New York at the present time would not be recognized by the oldest inhabitant. The Brooklyn bridge is shown prominently, but Trinity temple, the Post-office, and all the large buildings that give character to the outline presented by our city at a glance, are missing. What would be said if an American scenic artist painted Paris on the side of a steep pendous hill? That is what the Paris picture has done with the City of New York—given it a slope such as it would have if it were built on the incline of one of the Rocky Mountains."

"What plays did you see in London?"

"Impulse and Rank and Riches—William Collins' unfortunate drama. The former is an interesting piece, which may do well in New York. I never saw a better example of the fallibility of managerial judgment than that presented by Rank and Riches. The play had been refused at the Haymarket and the St. James; but the manager of the Adelphi, Mr. Anson, flattered by Mr. Collins' attentions, went to look upon it as a great piece of work. I attended the first performance, which, as you know, was attended by some theatrical incidents not anticipated by the management. The piece was found to be absurd, and offered too many opportunities for guffing to be mixed by a British audience, which is nothing if not acutely independent. They yelled and jeered and applauded adversely. The company did nobly, notwithstanding the disturbance. Finally, Mrs. Lingard, goaded to distraction by the uproar, burst into tears and threw herself into one of the actor's arms, while the curtain was rung down. Then Anson came before the audience and protested against the treatment the ladies were receiving. This touched the chivalric spirit of the multitude and they applauded; but when the manager upbraided them for not taking kindly to Collins' play, they came down on him like a thousand of brick. He subsided after a while. The receipts on the second night were £50. The third night one-half that sum was taken in at the door. Then the piece was withdrawn."

"What are your plans for the immediate future?"

"The objective point just now is the Westminster Hotel, where I propose going to take a much-needed bath. After that I shall get my head with Mr. McDonough's and complete arrangements for the Sibylla company's tour. Mrs. Campbell and the children—except Philadelphia at present but they will shortly join us here."

Mr. Campbell looks well. He has been "sore" and "hot" during the reporter detecting but was of the and twenty-seven of the latter in the dramatist's fifteen minutes' conversation.









## The Life of a Wanderer.

BY LUCAS VANDERBEEK.

IV.



The property of Captain L'Estrange, Frank's father, being Irish property, was of course confiscated, and so, to starve out his income, he was obliged to go to the Continent. The failure of the potato crop and the consequent famine that devastated the land made it impossible to collect the rents due by the starving peasantry, and Captain L'Estrange was far too good-hearted and benevolent a man to resort to the usual process of eviction and destruction. Consequently, the rents fell hopelessly in arrears. The landlords, who, being out of the country, did not see the misery of the people, and, hearing of it, did not greatly care, began to press their agent for their rents. Among the chief of the proprietors that Captain L'Estrange managed was a black tract of waste land near Ashdown, the tenants of which, being mostly poor fishermen and poorer farmers, were utterly unable to make any stand against the famine, disease and destitution that overran the country like a hurricane of devastation. Now, this particular estate chanced to be the property of a minor and administered by the High Court of Chancery, and therefore the tenants were unable to avail themselves of the usual mode of softening the landlord's heart by tears or prayers for leniency. A gentleman cannot easily waylay the Lord Chancellor on his way to the woolstack of a morning, and beg him for an extension of time wherein to pay his rent; but the master under the Court, anxious to pay the real personal services of the landlord, such abstractions as the high and mighty Court of Chancery being all too misty and allegorical for his simple comprehension. Consequently, Captain L'Estrange, as the receiver under the Court, was bound of, wept to, knelt to at every turn, and in the end the various delays that he granted and the farms that he took into his own hands on the sudden abeyance of their proper tenants, and thereby became responsible for the rent thereof, began to show a formidable balance on the wrong side of the ledger. The same causes produced the same effects on the other properties of absentees, and to cap the climax the Incumbered Estates Act threatened summary disposal of the hereditary property in the L'Estrange family.

At this period Captain L'Estrange was living at a very pretty place near Dublin, on the road to Finglass, called "Violet Hill," which, in the ante-union days of Ireland's prosperity, had been the suburban residence of Sir Hercules Langrishe, Bart., one of the wisest of the wits of Dublin in its intellectual prime. An ancient, roomy mansion was Violet Hill, with extensive grounds, gardens, and pasture lands of rich fertility. The entrance was by a massive gate of solid oak, thickly studded with broad-headed nails, like the gate of some old castle, and high brick walls secured the privacy of the inhabitants and defied impudent intrusion. Into this sanctuary, as to a tower of refuge, did Captain L'Estrange retire when circumstances became too pressing for him to remain outside. Here he could transact his business in security, free from the solicitation of beggars or the importunity of duns. An Englishman's house is his castle, into which, so long as he remains inside its friendly shelter, no man may force his way unbidden. So in the leafy enclosures of Violet Hill, Captain L'Estrange was "on his haunches." It never occurred to this good old Irish gentleman to reduce his establishment. The tribe of lazy loungers and "ould reidunners" came and went as before. The *Newton* was still in commission, and the disreputable and hunters thrived in their stables as of old. The only difference was that "the master" did not go abroad, except on Sunday, which, thanks to "the great and good King William," is a *dieu non* sacred to Freedom, on which the arm of the law is paralyzed and the bailiff's fangs are drawn. Many were the judgments with costs, numberless the writs that were taken out against the old Peeninsulaer campaigner; but, entrenched behind his lines, he cut his duns at defiance and lived royally, seeing his friends and rather enjoying the siege than fighting it. Master Frank came home on one of his frequent forays, just as this very *Newton* was in full swing, and he found himself heart and soul into the spree. It was all fun to him, and he hunted, fished and shot and called the *Newton* as gloriously as the High Court of Chancery or the Incorporated Common Council had no substance. He was a great favorite with the people, and had known the *Newton* for many years to be in Dublin; and

may to show away in one's berth, and very effective with in moonlight serenades and other diversions. His father, ever ready and willing to gratify the lad, inserted an advertisement in the *Dublin Evening Mail* and *Sunderland News* to the effect that a preference of that romantic instrument was needed at the residence of Captain L'Estrange, Violet Hill, to be given at the residence of the pupil. Many were the answers to the advertisement, and heaps of ferocious-looking bandits with great mustaches and long hair curling over their greasy collars came daily to apply for the vacant place. Owing to the state of siege in which Violet Hill existed at the time, all visitors were scrutinized severely before they were admitted, generally by one of the household climbing up to the big oaken gates and peering over the top. If the inspection was satisfactory the postulant was admitted; if not, he was warned of the premises, and, in case of a prolonged refusal to evacuate, a big Newfoundland dog, named Neptune, was slipped through a postern gate with a "Hi! boy, seize him!" and short work was made of the offending stranger. On Mr. Frank's return he instituted the practice of carrying an ancient bell-mouthed blunderbuss, such as the guards of mail-coaches were wont to carry as a defence against highwaymen, well filled with small shot, to the post of vantage at the top of the gate. The yawning mouth looked like a young cannon and served admirably to inspire a wholesome terror in those minions of the law who tried, under various disguises, to gain entrance for the fell purpose of serving a writ. On one occasion a lanky gentleman, with a white hat and a black band and a red nose, applied for the position of teacher of the guitar to Frank. Old Tom Frayne, who was a guard just then, smelt a rat—he did not like the cut of the applicant's jib. His red nose betokened the service of the law rather than that of harmony, and so old Tom sent one of the lodge-keeper's children up to the "big house" with a message to Frank that he was wanted at the gate, and that he had "bether bring ould Ben wid' um"—ould Ben being the archaic aforesaid—because there was a professor forminst the gate that wanted a taste of persuasion. Frank ran down at once, mounted the gate and brought his weapon to bear upon the would-be professor's person.

"Well, sir," demanded Frank; "what the devil do you want?"

"Good morning, sir," answered the professor. "I'm the taylor for Mounseer Frank L'Estrange."

"Oh!" says Frank; "*Parlez vous Français?*"

"Wee, Monseer," responded the professor, in a lovely flat Dublin brogue.

"*Eh! bien,*" cries Frank; "*alles vous en; entendes vous? Alles vite autrement je!*"—and he slapped the breach of ould Ben, significantly.

The professor, whose stock of foreign tongues was limited to the words he had already spoken, was puzzled by the speech, but enlightened by the action of the youth with the persader by his side, and muttered:

"Be Jabers, he takes me for a Frinchman. I wonder ov he'll let that thing off. Sure, it'd blow a man into smithereens, so it would."

"Oh!" says Frank; "you're Irish, eh! Well, then, you won't do for a guitar teacher. No Irish need apply"—be off with ye."

"Sure, I want to spake a word to yer honor," said the fellow, cringing.

"Do you?" laughed Frank; "but I don't want to hear you; so top your boom and sail large or I'll blow you out of the water," showing the cavernous mouth of old Ben, and cocking the rusty old flint-lock. Now, then, ready 'bout ship—Helm's alee, tacks and sheets, mainsail haul—I. What, you're slack in stays, eh! This'll freshen your way—and bang! he let fly the contents of old Ben just as the wretched bailiff turned to fly, whereby he caught about a quart of small shot in a broad part of his person, clapping his hand to which he scuttled off down the road in a pickle that forced him to eat his dinner standing up for many a day after, and disqualified him for the duties of his profession for weeks, although he was more than ever entitled to be called a bum-bailiff. This was only one among many of like incidents, and agreeably varied Master Frank's visits to his paternal home.

Frank had a horse called "Don," who was very intelligent and tractable, and a dog, before alluded to as "Neptune," who knew more than many gentlemen of note in the world. With the aid of these two trusty friends, and his sister, who was his chosen companion, he instituted a circus, the ring of which was the circular path round a flower-bed in the grounds. Here Frank and his sister Emma would perform St. George and the Dragon, Billy Button's Ride to Brentford, The Flying Sylph, and all the other acts in common use in equestrian entertainments. The pad-saddle was a cushion off one of the drawing-room chairs. Neptune acted the dragon and all other wild beasts; Emma was the distressed damsel, and Frank the gallant knight, the "desrier" or war-horse, the trick-horse of the ring, and the wild mustang of the prairie was always poor Don, who before Frank's home-coming was reduced from a well-conditioned gallop to a mere wreck of a horse—an architectural specimen of equine angularity. The back drawing-room, too, was utilized as a stage by Frank, and a dramatic company composed of his sister and several brethren, when, aided by old curtains, sheets, his

father's cabinet and a few other ancient properties picked up about the house, they acted tragedies, comedies and operas, all written and composed by himself, who was author, composer, leading man, stage manager and musical director all in one. These dramatic diversions were very highly esteemed in the neighborhood, and invitations were eagerly sought for but sparingly given, for it behooved the garrison of Violet Hill to be wary lest the fortress should be taken by treachery and a bailiff should enter in the guise of a guest and deliver the fatal document that would demolish all the defences and consign the gallant commander of the castle to the tender mercies of the law and the cool retreat of the Marshalsea prison for resolute debtors.

Frank ever after attributed his leaning toward the stage and its denizens to this epoch of his life. The glamour of the mimic art seized him. He devoured Shakespeare and all the old dramatists—had Moliere and Racine by heart, and was never so happy as when spouting at the top of his lungs the grand scene between Brutus and Cassius, or the speech of Marc Antony over the body of Caesar. During his mother's lifetime—a churchwoman of the strictest sort—he had never been allowed to enter a theatre; but now all his spare cash was invested in pit and gallery tickets for the Theatre Royal, Hawkins street; the Abbey Street Theatre, or the Queen's Theatre in Brunswick street. At this time there existed in Dublin an association of young scamps called "The Farm Yard." It consisted of sixteen youngsters, students of Trinity College for the most part, whose delight it was to attend the theatre in force on all occasions of interest and watch the proceedings 'till something should occur to displease some member of the crew, who would thereupon raise the peculiar cry of some domestic beast or bird, which would be responded to by the other "birds of a feather," each after his own kind. The uproar caused by these diversions may be imagined, and the comfort of the actors consequent on this custom. Through the influence of a leading member of this gang, and a former shipmate of Frank's, who was at home waiting for an appointment to a ship, having scraped through his Lieutenantcy examination by the skin of his teeth. This gentleman, a brother of Lord L—th's, was Frank's chosen partner and leader in mischief, and many a night did the sixteen wild youths wield the terrors of oligarchy from the middle gallery of the Hawkins Street Theatre to the terror of the actors and the mingled amusement and indignation of the audience. On one occasion the late Charles Kean was playing an engagement in Dublin, and the "Farm Yard" was assembled in full numbers to do honor, after its peculiar fashion, to his performance of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. After the second act, a certain member of the "Farm Yard" bethought himself of amusing himself and delighting the audience by performing Balfe's then popular ballad, "The Light of Other Days," in imitation of the bass trombone, or, as it is universally called in Dublin, "The To-and-from," in allusion to the pushing forward and drawing back of the slide, whereby the tones are regulated. The regular band of the theatre being quickly silenced in their perfunctory blowing and scraping, fell in with the humor of the minute, and accompanied the soloist amid the peals of laughter of the house. The air was played, then a variation, then another and more florid one, followed by an uproarious encore, in the midst of which up rose the curtain, and Kean stalked on. "Off! off!" cried the audience, and the melancholy Dane retreated lugubriously. Another variation, with double tonguing and quadruple applause. On comes the manager, who was forced to wait the conclusion of the musical performance before he could speak. At last he seized his chance and cried: "Gentlemen of the gallery, if you don't stop your noise I'll shut up that part of the house." "Will ye, be J—," yelled the trombone player, indignant. "Then if you do, you may shut up the whole of it, for it's the only part that pays to come in." "Truth is mighty and shall prevail," and the manager, conscience-struck, was silent, and retreated in despair. The trombone solo proceeded to its seventh variation, and not till the performer was blown out did the farmyard oligarchs permit the "glass of fashion and mould of form" to go on with his lucubrations.

About this period of his existence Mr. Frank L'Estrange, R. N., fought a duel—or, rather, came near fighting one. Having pulled down to Dollymount one night in the *Nautilus* gig, with his friend, the Hon. Harry P—nk—l, the pair met a motley crew of boating men at a public house on the beach where such did congregate. A symposium resulted, oceans of whiskey-punch were swallowed, and the fun waxed furious. At last politics, that fertile theme of discord in other lands besides Ireland, was started, and one of the company threw reflections on Capt. L'Estrange for that he had in 1801, whilst stationed with his company on Wicklow road to look for Robert Emmet and his rebels, led his men the wrong way, thereby leaving a clean field to the insurgents. Frank, as in duty bound as a son and an officer, fired up and indignantly resented the insult; the other disputant stuck to his point, and the lie direct was given more than once. Of course, there was but one recourse, and a meeting was then and there arranged to take place upon the sands at daylight. After an hour's fitful slumber, the antagonists were roused, very sick and very sorry. The whiskey had done its work, and the reaction was not implacable. The lads

were put up at ten paces. A couple of pistols borrowed from the keeper of the public house were put into their hands, and Frank declared to this day that the barrel of that presented at him by his adversary looked as big as a cask, and that he could see the bullet quite plainly. It must be owned that he was horribly afraid; but he held on, luckily for himself, for his enemy, at the last moment, just as the fatal handkerchief was about to be dropped, lost his courage and called out: "Don't fire; I apologize!" Frank grasped him by the hand; and says that from that hour he loved him as a brother. Coffee and rashers for four took the place of "pistols for two; coffee for one," and so ended Frank's first hostile encounter.

(To be continued.)

## Stage Elocution.

Since his great oratorical effort at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary dinner of the Chamber of Commerce, General Grant has been encouraged by various paragraphs to believe that he may yet become as renowned an after-dinner speechmaker as Chauncey Depew and Lawyer Choate. We ourselves are compelled to take stock in this expectation by a certain dramatic strain which marked parts of the speech. We do not assert that General Grant is likely to go upon the stage, although at the present cumulative rates the salary might prove a temptation even to a man who has had his wage of \$50,000 per annum. It would indeed be something in the way of a realistic performance to see Julius Caesar, Coriolanus, Othello, Cromwell or other great histrionic generals personated by a live general on so large a scale as General Grant.

On the recent notable occasion it was the cue of the hero of Appomattox to assume the sock rather than the buskin. Called on to respond to the first toast of the evening, "The United States," the war-chief thus entered upon his subject: "Bancroft began publishing his notes on the history of the United States shortly before President Lane established this Chamber of Commerce, which I think was over one hundred years ago. [Laughter.] I have not brought those volumes of Bancroft here; but I will let the reporter publish them as a prelude to what I am going to say." [Laughter.]

This is a practical mode of handling the subject, and to the point. General Grant, having thus shown himself a master in the art of "cutting" long speeches, presents himself as one who seeks to improve the oratorical art, and prompts us, at this time, to call attention to stage elocution. The skilled reader will promptly appreciate the new style of facetie introduced by the former commander-in-chief of the American armies. For instance, in Richard III., instead of wearying the audience with the long historical recitals, he says, in a significant aside: ("For details, see Hollingshead.") In like manner, the play being Coriolanus: ("Post yourself in Plutarch's Lives.") Instead of taxing patience with such labored soliloquies as "To be or not to be," the star actor of the occasion refers his admirers in the front of the house to privately study up at their leisure Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer and the modern metaphysicians and skeptics generally. This mode of proceeding would obviously answer the purpose of making the plays act "closer," and might be of considerable service to the publishing business in its present depressed state. This reform in the text of plays, leaving only the emotional and vital words to be delivered, impels a stricter attention to delivery and elocution. Good elocutionists on the stage or elsewhere are not many. The chief points to be avoided are monotony and mannerism. For the various natural defects of the vocal organs, such as stammering, coughing, prolongation of syllables, etc., numerous corrections have been suggested by men of science and experience. These are summarized by a recent lecturer on the subject: The great surgeon, Diefenbach, cut wedges out of the tongue of the patient. Itaid made them speak holding a fork in the mouth; Sewes advised a waving of the arms during speech; Batrand caused them to regulate the words to a rhythmical motion of the fingers or to keep time to a stick, as in the orchestra. Demosthenes, we know by tradition, placed pebbles in his mouth and declaimed his sentences to the rising and falling murmurs of the sea.

The prime requirement of good elocution is to have the voice in such perfect condition and so much at command as to be able to express all the fluctuations of feeling and emotion, and, so to speak, to respond to the pulsations of the heart of the auditor. Italian opera provides for this by the flexibility of the language, the careful selections of words which admit of rhythmical utterance and a constant sustained appeal to the feelings rather than to the intellect. It is in this direction that the emotional elocution of the day finds a channel, and more than to any other power or influence, the emotional drama owes its success to the use of voices which have acquired a natural movement which flows with the spontaneous currents of human nature. To secure this natural delivery should be the first study of the aspiring actor.

By expert observers, pauses are considered as vastly important in public speaking. These intervals, properly distributed, have a musical effect, and the further great advantage of allowing those in the audience of slower understanding and of impaired or less acute hearing to follow the text and take in the meaning

fully. The importance of measured expression is illustrated in the case of the greatest contemporary actors. On this point, where talent was in London, in 1875, experiments were made; his voice was noted for its "power of travelling," even suppressed phrases reaching the distant gallery with perfect clearness. Technically he spoke in a note about D in the bars from the chest, and in a sort of register; there were distinct periods from accent to accent, and the inflections were very large, running over an interval of more than a fifth. The individual words came about one a second, and the pauses were astonishingly long, not impairing but heightening the effect. As a remarkable further illustration, it is asserted that in the play *Il Gladiatore* the four principal characters formed an unintentional though perfect quartet of soprano, contralto, tenor and bass. The effect of elocution so harmonized strongly confirms the views of Wagner, that dramatic music, instead of being conventional, should be the outflow of passion and emotion, and that the result can be as well attained from the elocutionary as from the dramatic side.

## Historical Essays on the Drama.

XIX.

The establishment and prerogatives of "Les Bazoche," under Philippe le Bel, are known to us. The chief, called the king, as was usual in all commonwealths of that day, and the members, a body that the society were obliged to admit in order to assist the Procurators in their duties, become oppressive by reason of the multitude of offices that pressed upon them, caught at the idea of joining dramatic representation to their other ceremonies. Parfaict informs us that "the success of the Mysteries, represented at the Hospital of the Trinity, excited the envy and emulation of the clerks of the Bazoche; but, impeded by the exclusive privileges accorded to the Brotherhood of the Passion, they were forced to seek another channel. Morality seemed an inexhaustible fount of inspiration ready to their hands. They personified the virtues and the vices; and, while depicting all the horrors of the latter, they insisted on the advantages to be derived from the pursuit of the former, and they gave to the pieces thus constructed the title of "Moralities." This happy idea had all the effect that could have been anticipated by the most sanguine among those who originated it, and this novel kind of spectacle was esteemed by many far superior to the Mysteries. Everything contributed to the applause which the clerks of the Bazoche received. They were themselves both authors and actors, and had more learning than those who acted in the Mysteries. They employed more art and delicacy in their declamation and in their stage business. Usually they only played three times in the year—first, on the Thursday which preceded or followed the King's Saint's day; second, on May-day, in the Palace Court; third, some time after the *Montre generale*. But on occasions of general rejoicing in Paris, such as the public entry of Kings or Queens, the company of Bazoche did not fail to take part in the proceedings and to lend the aid of their performance to the general festivity.

Parfaict says that the "Careless Children" was "a society formed at the beginning of the reign of Charles the Sixth by some young people of good family, who joined to a liberal education a thirst for pleasure and ample means for the assuaging thereof." Such a conjunction could not fail to bring forth something witty and brilliant; and, in fact, this association lent much to what we of modern days would call "chaff," but always with a moral. Their favorite idea was that of a principality established on the defects and weaknesses of human nature, which these young people called "Sottise" (*Folly*), and of which one of the company assumed the quality of Prince. This pleasantry was novel in idea, and the means employed to display it was new also. Our dramatic philosophers invented, produced and acted on scaffolds, in halls and in public places pieces which they called "Sottises," or Follies, and which, in truth, were keen and trenchant satires on those of humankind.

This spectacle and those of the clerks of the Bazoche pleased mightily, and the public began to find the Mysteries too serious and too monstrous. When once the public tires of any particular sort of entertainment the best thing to do is to drop it instantly, for the public has the best weapon wherewith to fight down anything that does not please it—neglect. It lets it alone most severely and the thing dies of sheer inanition. The Brotherhood of the Passion perceived that if the audiences were to be attracted to their theatre, it must be by stealing the enemy's weapons and beating the foe at his own game by introducing the gay and seductive features of the Careless Children and the clerks of the Bazoche among the more classical and lugubrious scenes of the Mysteries. However, the Brotherhood could not reconcile itself to the sacrifice of their dignity in personal representation of these frivolities, and so entered into a copartnership with the Careless Children, who added to the grave and pious Mysteries, the Sottises, or Follies, of which they were the authors and actors. This sort of farce and the chief of the society that invented it, took the name of Sottise, or Sots, afterward changed to Follies and Fools, and these two kinds of entertainment so different were, when united, called *Plays of Poes and Beans*, an appellation which, after a proverb of the day, signified an amalgamation or mixture. The Brotherhood kept the Theatre of the Trinity going by these means until 1530, when it became again an hospital according to its original foundation. Francis I., having granted all rights of patronage by which he had been obtained from Charles VI., they sought anew for a place wherein to establish themselves. A part of the Hotel de Flandres

was let to them which they occupied tranquilly for five years; but the King having decreed the demolition of that hotel and those of Arras, Bruges and Namur, which were its near neighbors, our pious actors once more found themselves homeless in 1545.

Tired of the great expense which the hiring of halls and the frequent changes of location put them to, the Brotherhood determined to purchase a fixed habitation and to build a theatre after their own plans. Accordingly, they succeeded in obtaining a piece of land, 17 toises long by 15 wide, on the ground of the Hotel de Bourgogne. Thus they rebuilt, for the fourth time, that Theatre of Hell, of which Parfait gives us the description.

This theatre was the same as its predecessor in front, but the back was very different. A number of scaffolds, which were called *podiums*, filled it. The highest represented Paradise; the lowest, the opposite of Paradise; the third, the Palace of Hell, the House of Pontius Pilate, etc., and so with the others, according to the mystery they were to aid in representing. On each side of the stage were steps in the shape of chairs, on which the actors seated themselves when they had played their scenes, or while they awaited their turn to speak, for the performers never left the sight of the spectators till they had finished their parts. Thus, at the very beginning of the mystery, the public saw all the characters who were employed in it. Neither author nor actors bothered their heads about such trifles as congruity or probability, and the personages of the drama were considered to be absent from the scene the moment they sat down. In the place where, now-a-days, the centre trap is cut, there were the extended jaws of a gigantic dragon, supposed to represent the mouth of hell, and which opened and shut its awful gorge, as it vomited forth shoals of demons and succubi. A kind of recess, closed in from by curtains, formed a chamber, which served to conceal from the spectators certain details which it was not thought advisable to represent openly, such as the accouchement of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Anne, etc.

Parfait gives the names of the masters and governors of this Brotherhood who were employed to complete the purchase of the building site of the Hotel de Bourgogne. Among them were Jacques and Jean le Roi, master masons; Nicolas de Gendreville, courier; Juri de Chevaux Jumbelort, master pavior, and many others, whom to catalogue were superfluous and uninteresting. Therefore, we pass to livelier matter.

An ancient chronicle in MS., composed by a curé of Saint Eustache de Metz, tells us that "in the year 1437, on the third of July, was enacted the play of the Passion of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and the stage was erected on the plain of Wismeil after a very noble fashion, for it had nine rows of seats placed in degrees, one above the other all around, very fair to behold, and at the back thereof great seats and benches for the lords and ladies. And God was a gentleman by name Siegneur Nicolle, of Neuchatel, in Lorraine. The same was curate of St. Victoire de Metz, and would have died on the cross if it were not for timely succor; and it was agreed afterward that another priest should be put on the cross to represent the personage of the crucifixion for that day, and the next day the aforesaid curate of St. Victoire should perform the resurrection, and he acted his part very bravely all through the aforesaid play. And another priest, who was called Messire Joan de Nicez, who was chaplain of Métrange, he was Judas, who was also nearly dead by reason of hanging too long, inasmuch that his breath left him, and was taken down hastily and carried away," etc.

It is very plain to be seen that the stage machinists of that period were not as deft as they might have been. How they would stare could they "revisit the glimpses of the moon" and see the Black Crook!

This work was divided into three mysteries—"The Conception," "The Passion," and "The Resurrection"—and although in reality these three parts made up but one original, like the Trinity of the Athanasian Creed, they are so distinct that they might be each acted as separate and independent dramas. "The mystery of the Conception is composed of fifty-three acts, historically distributed, and, not counting the choros, employs one hundred real personages, among which are devils in their native sulphur, figuring with God the Father, Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost, the Blessed Virgin, the angels, the patriarchs," etc.

The stage represents, at first, Paradise. God appears, surrounded by his angels. Michael, Gabriel and Raphael implore him to pardon the human race according to the promise he has made by the mouths of his holy prophets. Peace and Mercy beg the same favor, but Justice and Virtue oppose it. The Almighty, after much consideration, comes to the decision that it is fit that a man without sin should offer himself of his own free will as a sacrifice for the salvation of mankind. The four Virtues consent and descend to earth to seek out the man designated by the Creator. The next scene lies in Hell. Lucifer calls his peers around him in these words:

Ye devils of Hell, horrible and horned,  
Both great and small,  
Both short and tall;  
Ye squinting hounds with warts adorned,  
Come forth ye naked, young and old,  
And ye whom serpents' skins unfold;  
Ye hump-backed, tailed and ungled spirits,  
Ye fiendish snakes that sport by night,  
Your clients ye do not desert;  
If from your cloth ye don't arouse  
Traitors of Tartarus, base dogs of Hell,  
Come forth while I my bidding tell:  
What say I then, Satan, who every hour  
Goes about the seas of sin to devour;  
And Hell, Hell's most useful pandar;  
And great discoverer of all slander;  
And villain, traitor, subtle lord  
Of villainy, lest thou be used?  
Devils of Hell, on you I call,  
See ye never danger may befall  
Unto our kingdom here below,  
Whose joy is pain, whose bliss is woe,  
Whom devils, most uncongenial hosts,  
Where the souls to grace our feasts?  
Be off! and scour the world around,  
Wherever may our prey be found.  
Hodvile, do-devils, hither, I say!  
Your King commands! they, they!

All hell assembles in hot haste, each devil anxious to hear the will of the sovereign and ready to do his bidding, and Satan speaks as follows:

What do you want? unnecessary doubt.  
Don't shrink, villain, monster vile and base,  
Mischance demands devil thro' whose cursed fate,  
We humans have forfeited for this most horrid place,  
Shrink ye no suffer any one may tell  
More than thus pleasure that we be in Hell!

Then Hell takes up the tale thus:

Don't dilly-dally, shoop, shoop full of gail,  
To be thy nature to torment us all,  
Tush, tush, tush and scum are the choicest food,  
And human souls when fried they do not good.

After a chapter of the like abuse vented in two by each of the powers of hell, and which Lucio receives as the most appropriate and genial compliments, and thanks them kindly,

taking as marks of honor and respect, he informs them of the resolution taken at the Council of God. Each demon gives his opinion as to the best way to make it fail. Cerberus, the three-headed dog, gives his advice with the rest, which pleases Lucifer so much that he testifies his satisfaction in these words:

Well said, leave Cerberus;  
I agree and come with joy to hear thee thus.

After which he despatches the devils on their several missions, and the scene changes to Heaven, when the four Virtues appear to give account of their ill success, and on their report the Eternal determines to save the human race, whatever price it may cost, and the host of angels testify their joy by loud hallelujahs.

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**The Squatters.**

Martin W. Hanley was asked yesterday about his season and the reception extended the Squatters in Montreal.

"After forty-two weeks of hard work we closed at the Howard in Boston a couple of weeks ago. Our tour extended as far North as St. Paul, West to Omaha, but no further South than Louisville. I've found that Southern people have no use for our peculiar style of fun. We've made money, so that's some compensation for hard work."

"What about the Canada houses?"

"Oh, yes, we had a queer time at Montreal. Some politician had been thrown out of power, and he thought to wreak his vengeance on my show. An article strongly denouncing and objecting to the Squatters was prepared by a young friend of his connected with the Irish cause there; but by seeing the owner of the paper the article was modified and ended with the information that the objectionable features would be eliminated, and the pig and whiskey-bottle scene were consequently cut. The opening night the piece was played in its entirety, and Mr. Politician, with a gang of his Irish constituents, pelted us with turnips and potatoes from the gallery. One scoundrel threw a large paving stone on the stage."

"Any changes the coming season?"

"Yes, I've made a number, and believe I will have a stronger company. Pete Mack, of Haverly's, is engaged to play Johnny Wild's part. James Kearney takes Harrigan's part, as Peter McSorley, while James Tierney will do Caroline Melrose, a character from The Silver Wedding. My idea is to take the best characters from the different Harrigan and Hart successes and group them together under title of McSorley's Inflation. I've found that where one of Harrigan and Hart's pieces is a success in New York, it may not be understood or appreciated in the provinces. Eugene Rourke will play Denny Maguire, and J. H. Ryan takes Tony Hart's part of Mrs. McSorley. Mary Bird continues as my soubrette. John Williams plays Lapelle, the crushed actor. My season begins August 20 in Philadelphia."

"By the way, THE MIRROR is good at exposing frauds and pirates. Here's a handsome letter-head in colors, announcing that Newell and Scott were presenting Muldoon's Picnic throughout the country, introducing, by kind permission of Harrigan and Hart, popular songs and dances from McSorley's Inflation, the Squatters, etc. You notice what fine type 'by kind permission' is in. That will easily mislead country managers. I had a lively time fighting these people, and it was only by telegraphing ahead that they were kept out of Omaha and other good places. I'm going to publish a card cautioning managers against these fellows."

Stage Manager A. H. Sheldon, of Harry Miner's Theatre, tried to open a cat's mouth against its will last week, and the unfeline thing inserted its fangs in his hand. The wound is a very serious one, and in spite of repeated cauterizations, the hand has swollen to alarming proportions. It is hoped, however, that the poison can be eliminated before any serious results follow.

New York will have five new first-class theatres next season, viz.: The Metropolitan Opera House, Hyde and Behman's Theatre, McKee Rankin's Third Avenue Theatre, Harry Miner's People's Theatre and another building on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, near Madison avenue. The Bijou will be like a new theatre, as it is to be thoroughly reconstructed. When the season fairly commences we are not likely to hear the complaint that "there is no place to go."

The Fifth Avenue Theatre will reopen October 1 with Storm Beaten. Mr. Stetson proposes to run a stock company next season, and will produce nothing but plays of unexceptional merit. He has already commenced forming his company, and has secured James O'Neill for leading business; Herbert Kelcey, late of Wallack's; Fred de Belleville, Barton Hill, Fred Ross and J. W. Shannon. None of the ladies have yet been named, though it is said that Mrs. Harriet Webb, the reader, may occupy a prominent place in the company. The house is now undergoing repairs.

### F. W. Peters.

Herbert, in Young Mrs. Winthrop.

SEASON 1882-83.

Mr. F. W. Peters, as Herbert Winthrop, deserves commendation for his really excellent work, the needle being a very pretty piece of acting.—Elmira Free Press and Gazette.

F. W. Peters entertainingly represented the character of Herbert, the youthful lover. . . . The scene in which Mr. Peters struggled long and patiently with the needle and thread while saying nice words to the blind girl, was extremely amusing and highly appreciated by the audience.—Scranton Republican.

F. W. Peters, as Herbert Winthrop, added a new feature of love-making on the stage and exhibited his glowing affection for the blind girl in a series of really interesting scenes.—Savannah Times.

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### New Theatre in Galveston, Texas.

The new HARMONY THEATRE in this city will be completed August 1. This house is first class in every respect, finished in the latest style, large stage and furnished with everything requisite for the proper production of any play, seating eleven hundred, of which nearly seven hundred are on the parquet floor, only twenty on the balcony, which will be furnished same as the parquette.

This house is built at a cost exceeding \$75,000 by an association of over four hundred members, including all the principal citizens of this city, and will receive their united support; centrally located, four thousand cars passing the building; decorative proportions unsurpassed. The intention of the builders being to make this house the fashionable theatre of the city, mainly first-class attractions during time with connecting dates in other cities will please address.

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### Notice of Warning to Managers

Having obtained from Mrs. Kate Palmer Stearns the sole right to perform the comedy of

"THE BOARDING-SCHOOL," originally played by Miss Minnie Palmer and John E. Ince last season, and more lately by Mrs. E. E. Egan, under the title of "FUN IN A BOARDING-SCHOOL," I hereby caution all managers not to allow said comedy to be performed by any party without my written consent, as I am determined to prosecute all infringements to the full extent of the law.

MR. JOHN E. INCE will appear in this comedy, sustaining his creation of PROF. JEREMIAH JIMCRACK, supported by a first-class company, and Mr. Ince will also shortly appear in a new and original comedy by CHARLES E. GAVIER, entitled

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83—Cleburne, Texas, Opera House.

111—Ft. Worth, Texas (New) Opera House.

197—Gainesville, Tex., Perry Opera House.

230—Sherman, Texas, Opera House.

294—Paris, Texas, Babcock Opera House.

385—Texarkana, Texas, Orr's Opera House.

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